

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Coiffures tend to compactness, and are worn lower in the back.

Braids or short curls down the back are worn with dressy evening coiffures.

Small bouffant draperies or paniers are arranged back of the waistcoat on to dressy Parisian toilets.

Oriental silks, Persian and Egyptian silks, satins, velvets, brocades and corduroys are all used for waistcoats.

Very small figures, cheeks and stripes on white grounds, are the features in the new spring calicoes and percales.

"Pekin," the name given to velvets, silks, and woollens having alternate dull and lustrous stripes, is all the rage at Paris.

A double cape of heavy silk chenille, with tinsel thread twisted in the same, is the latest novelty for the neck in place of a scarf.

The long waistcoats worn with dressy toilets are separate garments, and may be worn with several different kinds of coats and skirts.

White satin dresses of creamy or leaden tint are worn by elderly ladies for full dress, with full trimmings of creamy old point laces.

Birds of paradise, butterflies, and insects of all sorts in the form of gold figures and Impegan feather ornaments are worn in the hair for full dress.

The belted Josephine corsage, the corset basque, and the corsage with long points back and front are all worn for evening toilets with low, square necks.

For street wear, under all circumstances, a very simple dress, although it be a little shabby, it is preferable to one more elaborately draped and trimmed that has lost its freshness.

All morning toilets for the street should be short and very dark or black. The materials may be vigogne, cashmere, camel's hair, and all woolen goods, but the trimmings may be of silk.

The fancy of the moment in short costumes is a skirt and jacket of seal-brown cloth, the wrap also of the same in English coat shape, trimmed with a collar, revers, cuffs and pocket straps of fur seal.

The newest hats for young girls in their teens are of felt, high crowned, with square tops, trimmed with three rows of inch-wide ribbon in bands placed quite far apart around the crown. The brims roll in Derby shape.

Other felt hats have a scarf of brown or navy blue satin with white polka dots.

Cravat bows have superseded the cravats that pass around the neck; if the latter are used, they are placed inside the dress, instead of concealing the neat collar of the dress, and only the cravat bow is seen.

White muslin cravat bows are preferred for plain suits in the morning and for dressy afternoon wear. When colored cravats are chosen, they are folded like gentlemen's scarfs, or fit in the revers collar of a coat, or else they are as narrow as the lawn neck-ties worn in full dress; the latter are made of foulard, and embroidered on each end.

A Wife's Blind Husband.

A fast young man who had lived hard and wasted a splendid constitution fell ill at Rome. At one moment it was thought he would die. His disease was contagious. His friends fled from him with fear.

When he recovered he was blind. When he was told he would be blind for life he cursed heaven, hell and earth! His curses were answered by an angel's voice and a woman's hand gently smoothed his pillow.

Never had a voice so touched his heart. Who was this woman who was caring for him when all had fled? Who was this ministering angel? He was told that she was the daughter of a family in the house, and that when she heard of his desolate position she would have no nay, but spent her days and nights by his bedside, never sleeping, never ceasing her watch, until he was out of danger.

When he heard this he forgot the terrible misfortune which had struck him. He forgot that he was blind. He forgot everything, save the girl who had risked her life for him, and this time he blessed Providence for the inexorable boon granted him—a true woman's love. They were married. But each time that the poor blind man said, "I love you, darling! Love you more than I ever loved before! Nor did I think I could love so much!"—each time he spoke of love, each time he pressed her in his arms, the poor wife felt her heart beat loudly in her breast and her cheeks grow red as fire.

A Business-Like Courtship.

The Davenport (Iowa) Democrat says: A solitary gentleman, sixty years of age, possessing property and being filled with a desire to have a home of his own and a wife to keep it in order, conceived the idea of calling upon a very estimable lady whom he had heard of, but never met or spoken to, and of presenting the case for her consideration.

of her own and had no objection to sharing one of his providing. The happy arrangement was thus at once concluded, and the gentleman left. On Wednesday he called again for her, they walked to a minister's residence and were married. Neither of the parties had known each other previous to this unique beginning of their acquaintance. The lady is about forty years of age.

News and Notes for Women.

Gerster, the opera singer, has \$600 a week. Minnie Hauk has \$200.

A New York jeweler exhibits a Chinese empress' robe, broided in gold.

A New York lady has nineteen cats, collected with reference to their delicate shades and tones of color.

Professor Billroth, of Vienna, has founded a society for the education of nurses for wounded soldiers.

In the retail dry-goods stores of Berlin only young girls are employed behind the counters to display and sell goods.

After a long and severe examination a Viennese lady has been admitted by the university of Zurich to the degree of doctor of philosophy.

Bouquets of dried flowers and grasses are sold in England for interior decoration, just as they are in America. The flowers are dried in warm sand.

A Florida woman recently chopped off the head of a great eagle that had become entangled in a honeysuckle vine while trying to kill her chickens.

A key was all the present that a New York bride received from the bridegroom's parents, but it opened the door of a splendid house, and the young lady did not complain.

Opera scarfs three yards long and more than half a yard wide are now popular in Paris for winding around the hair and throat. The newest opera cloaks, enveloping the whole person, are of thick, soft camel's hair, with a hood.

The following extract is from an account of the recent visit of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise to Niagara Falls: The ladies all appeared at dinner in full dress.

Her royal highness wore a black silk dress, with court train, the only trimming being crape. Upon her neck was a necklace of Whitby jet beads, three strands, and diamond cut. Her hair was arranged in plain bands, with jet ornaments, and she looked lovely. The other ladies were also in court costumes, and the gentlemen were in full dress.

Covered With Diamonds.

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore," is a fashionable tune in San Francisco. There is a lady at one of the leading hotels who never appears in the dining-room with less than from \$25,000 to \$50,000 worth of diamonds on her person.

There is another lady at another hotel who wears a pair of solitaire earrings worth \$50,000. They belonged to the collection of jewels of Queen Isabelle of Spain, and were purchased at auction in Paris. These two stones were bought for \$24,600.

Another lady with a brooch shaped like a fern leaf and glittering with fifty or a hundred diamonds is estimated as having a superficial value of from \$15,000 to \$20,000. Some thieves recently crept into a lady's room at a hotel while she was dining with her husband.

They ransacked trunks and drawers and obtained a watch and chain and some coin. But they got no diamonds. The lady had gone down to dinner with every jewel glittering in her toilet.

Badly Demoralized.

The insurance agents are not "chronic grumblers," but there is an element of discontent among them that has a tendency to elongate their faces and make some of them ill-natured at the supper table.

Our reporter was hanging around one of the prominent insurance offices last week and overheard the following conversation: Applicant for insurance steps in and addresses the agent—"How much will you charge for \$5,000 insurance on my house up on the 'reserve' for three years?"

Agent (smilingly)—"How much are you willing to pay?" Applicant—"I am not willing to pay anything. I want to know how cheap it can be done."

Agent (tremblingly)—"My dear sir, our rate has been one cent for each \$100. With my policy I shall present you with a pianoforte, a sewing machine, an organ, a bedroom set, a live baby in a patent jumper, or a tax title of 160 acres of stump lands out of our gift department if you leave the risk to me. You pay your money and take your choice. Will you allow us, sir, to write the risk?"

Applicant (turning to leave)—"No; I will look about a little first and perhaps I can do better." The agent sank into his chair exhausted, and asked our reporter if he could lend him half a dollar with which to increase the next "bait."—Saginaw Herald.

Nearly Buried Alive.

The Neue Presse of Vienna tells of the narrow escape of an aged Hebrew of that city from being buried alive. He had been bedridden for a long time, and being taken with violent convulsions became stiff and cold, and was taken for dead. It is a custom among the orthodox Jews, which may have caused many a premature burial, and which the reformed Jews have entirely discarded, to inter their dead on the day of their decease.

POTATOES AND DIPHTHERIA.

Novel Theory of a Nebraska Doctor, who Claims Diphtheria is Produced by Excessive Use of Potatoes.

Melville C. Keith, M. D., of Lincoln, Neb., writes to the Chicago Inter-Ocean as follows: Some seventeen years ago the attention of my father, Dr. Alvan Keith, late of Augusta, Me., was called to the fact that children who were not fond of the tuber known as Irish potatoes were not subject to attacks of that much-dreaded malady diphtheria.

Following out this hint, he advised families of his friends to avoid the use of this vegetable among the children, and until his decease he was accustomed to make the assertion that rotten potatoes produce the throat disease known as diphtheria. It may not be inappropriate to remark that he was considered a very successful practitioner in the treatment of this disease.

In 1865 the writer visited San Francisco, and was there engaged in the practice of medicine until 1867. During that period of time he had an opportunity of fully testing the truth of the statement of potatoes being a producer, or at least an approximate cause of the condition known as diphtheria. In 305 cases in and about San Francisco, the fact was noted that every one who had the true diphtheria was an eater of Irish potatoes.

The writer is well aware of the presumptive charge of novelty, to say the least of the assertion, and for this reason has hesitated to place himself on record. The condition of many families in the West, and more especially in this State and Kansas, urges the undersigned, as a matter of interest to the human family to make public a series of observations for the past two years in the West. During this time thirty cases have come under my direct supervision and prescriptions. More than 200 have been carefully inquired after, and in every case it has been proven that the diphtheritic patient had been a potato-eater; and in a large majority of instances the patient had been known as an excessive eater of the tuber.

A rule to hold good should be valid from both sides. The undersigned made the foregoing statements to a very intelligent lady of this city, now a teacher in a distant city, and the result has been that where the diphtheria prevailed fatally last year they have (by the influence of this lady) largely refrained from eating potatoes, or only eaten them to a very moderate extent, and the disease is almost unknown. In my practice in this city and county the offer has been to treat any one free of compensation, if they would avoid the use of Irish potatoes.

As a sequence not one of the patients who was not a potato-eater has been threatened with the disease. In many of the inland towns of this State, the writer has patients, and in some of the infected districts the families of those who have learned of this simple preventive have escaped any attack of throat disease, although the potato-eaters on either side of them have unfortunately had cases of diphtheria which resulted fatally.

It would not be in accordance with the well-known proclivities of medical men if the writer did not have a theory to account for these facts, and a special treatment to correspond with the belief of the constitutional cause. He has; but the theory, like many others, is only partially developed or proven, and cannot easily be argued. The facts, embracing a period of seventeen years and a knowledge of 1,100 cases, are, in the writer's estimation, incontrovertible, and may be summed up as follows: The writer maintains that the person who does not use the tuber known as Irish potato can never have the disease known as diphtheria; that in every case of diphtheria (true) will be found an habitual eater of Irish potatoes.

Plow-Monday.

All over England, in years gone by, the time-honored festival of Plow-Monday was joyously observed by the peasantry. On this day, which is always the first Monday after Twelfth-day, agricultural laborers and husbandmen were accustomed to draw about a plow and solicit money, with mummeries and dancing, preparatory to the recommencement of their tasks after the Christmas holidays.

In a few places they still draw the plow, but the sport is mostly now confined to mumming and alms-gathering. Formerly the "fool-plow," as it was called, was absolutely essential to the exhibition, and was dragged in procession to the doors of townfolk and villagers. Long ropes were attached to it, and from thirty to forty stalwart young fellows, in clean white shirts or smocks, but protected from the weather by warm waistcoats underneath, drew it along. Their smocks were gayly decorated all over with bright-colored ribbons tied in knots and bows, and their hats were adorned in the same way.

The pageant usually included an old woman, or a boy dressed up to represent one, who was gayly bedizened and called "Bessy." There was also a country bumpkin dressed up to play the "fool." He was covered with ribbons and clad in skins, with a depending tail, and carried a small box or can, which he rattled about among the spectators to collect donations in. These masqueraders were attended by music and morris-dancers. And there was also a frolicsome romp by a few girls in gaudy finery. The money collected was afterward spent in feasting and conviviality. In olden times very little work was ever done during the twelve days devoted to Christmas, and farmers were then wont to feast and reward their husbandmen for past industry.

Plow-Monday seemed to remind them of their business; and on the morning of that day both men and maidens strove who could show their readiness to commence the labors of the newly-awakened year by rising the earliest.—Chambers' Journal.

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Can You? Can You? Can you make a rose or a lily—just one? Or catch a beam of the golden sun? Can you count the raindrops as they fall? Or the leaves that flutter from tree-top to fall? Can you run like the brook and never tire? Can you climb like the vine beyond the trellis? Can you fly like a bird, or weave a nest, Or make but one feather on robin's breast?

Can you build a cell like the bee, or spin like the spider, a web so fine and thin? Can you lift a shadow from off the ground? Can you see the wind, or measure a sound? Can you blow a bubble that will not burst? Can you talk with echo and not speak first? Oh, my dear little boy! you are clever and strong, And you are so busy the whole day long, Trying as hard as a little boy can, To do big things like a "grown-up" man! Look at me, darling! I tell you true, There are some things you never can do.

—Mary E. Folson, in St. Nicholas.

Nannie's Birds.

Many years ago there was a little girl whose name was Nannie. She lived among the hills which rise higher and higher until they form the Alleghany mountains. Like most farmers in these semi-mountainous districts, her father grew little grain, but kept all the cattle and sheep his land could support. Now-a-days he would be called a stock-farmer. There were clumps of bushes and many stones, and a few great rocks in the pastures; and the little lambs often strayed away from their mothers, and as soon as they were out of sight the silly little things thought they were lost. Nannie liked to search in all the hiding-places for the wandering babies, and when she had found them it was hard to tell which was the happier, she or the old sheep. She made herself very useful in this way, and saved her father much time and trouble.

She was very brave, and never felt in the least afraid—not that there was really anything to be afraid of, but there are not many little girls who would like to go out in the fields all alone. She made many friends, and found many playmates among the little creatures whose homes were in the thickets. She learned a great deal about the wild birds, and became more familiar with their habits than she could have been had she only read about them in books, though no doubt books would have told about a much greater variety of birds. Nannie was very fond of her little pets, and as she was always very kind to them they were very fond of her. Sometimes she did some mischief, but it was always unintentional. Once she found a robin's nest built low enough for her to reach the pretty blue eggs, and she used to take them out every day and turn them over in her hand and look at them. There were never any little robins in that nest. Once some bluebirds made a nest where the twigs grew so as to form a cup, with the nest in the bottom. Nannie put her hand over the twigs, and when the old bird flew out she caught her and looked at all her pretty feathers. The birds never went back to their nest again. A pair of phoebe-birds had built their nest under the eaves of the barn every year ever since Nannie could remember. Every spring they came, and every summer at least three broods of young made their appearance from the little nest.

One Sunday afternoon, looking toward the barn, Nannie espied some naughty boys with long poles reaching up to the phoebes' nest. She knew there was cruel sport on foot, but she could do nothing until the boys had gone away; then she hastened to see what could be done for the poor birds. She found them in great distress, for the nest had been torn down and the four little ones lay on the ground. One was already dead, and the others seemed just ready to breathe their last. Nannie picked up those that were yet alive and put them in the nest. Then she fastened the nest as near the place where it was before as she could, and hid close by to see whether the old birds would find their young. They were flying about in deep trouble, but they did not see their nest. She moved it to what she thought might be a better place, but with no better success. She repeated the experiment several times, but failed in all her efforts. At last she found a board, and making one end secure in a chink in the wall she put the nest on the other end. Then the old birds flew to it joyfully, and with warmth and food nursed the poor little sufferers back to life.

They cared for the little ones tenderly until they were able to fly. Then they taught them the use of their wings, and sent them out into the world to look out for themselves. They performed every duty faithfully until the last little bird was gone, and then they deserted the place and never risked another nest near the barn.

Little Nannie's brown locks grew thin and gray long years ago, and now they are as white as snow; but she still remembers the old farm, and her children and grandchildren are almost as familiar with every nook and corner as she was herself, though not one of them has ever seen it; and now her tiny great-grandchildren begin to clamor for "stories about when she was a little girl."

An Awkward Blunder.

In Paris a young lady went into one of the great drapery houses to shop with her maid. They kept watchers there; and one of these, making sure he had seen something, presently tapped the young lady on the shoulder and asked her to follow him to the search-room. "You have just put a pair of new gloves in your pocket, mademoiselle; don't deny it." "I know I have," said the young lady quietly; "and if you will be good enough to look inside them you will see that, as they were bought at another house, they could hardly have been stolen from this." The watcher had made a mistake; and he and the whole gang of searchers began to grovel in excuses. "Now," said the lady, turning to her maid, "go to the nearest commissary of police and tell him that the daughter of Prince Orloff requires his protection." It was the very awkwardest of blunders; her father was the Russian ambassador. The contrite drapery company offered thousands to hush it up.

The Chinese have a very effective, if somewhat primitive, way of preventing the directors of a savings bank running the institution they control into insolvency. They reckon the president's head among the assets.

Celery for Rheumatism.

"Long ago we protested that in celery there must be some special virtue, if we only knew what it was," says an exchange. "Nothing is made in vain, and the powerful smell and extraordinary taste of celery were, we declared, intimations from nature that it had some special mission. Mr. Ward, of Perrinton Towers, Ross, writes to the London Times to tell us that rheumatism becomes impossible if celery is freely used as an article of diet. Unfortunately, he says cooked celery; and it is the article in its raw state to which we are all accustomed. 'Cut the celery,' he says, 'into inch dice; boil in water until soft. No water must be poured away unless drunk by the invalid. Then take new milk, slightly thickened with flour and celery in the saucepan; serve with diamonds of toasted bread; a round dish, and eat with potatoes.' 'Permit me to say,' he adds, 'that cold or damp never produces rheumatism, but simply develops it. The acid blood is the primary cause and the sustaining power of evil. When the blood is alkaline there can be no rheumatism and equally no gout. And Mr. Ward proceeds to say: 'Let me fearlessly say that rheumatism is impossible on such diet, and yet our medical men allowed rheumatism to kill in 1876 3,640 human beings—every case as unnecessary as a dirty lace. Worse still, of the 50,481 registered as dying from heart disease, at least two-thirds of these are due directly, more or less, to rheumatism and its ally, gout. What a trifle is smallpox, with its 3,408 deaths, alongside an immense slayer of over 20,000 human beings! Yet rheumatism may be put aside forever by simply obeying nature's law in diet.'"

The Largest Libraries.

A correspondent asks which are the largest three libraries in the world and which the largest three in this country. By far the largest in the world is the National library at Paris, which in 1874 contained 2,000,000 printed books and 150,000 manuscripts. Which the next largest is, it is difficult to say, for the British museum and the Imperial library of St. Petersburg both had in 1874 1,100,000 volumes. After them comes the Royal library of Munich, with its 900,000 books. The Vatican library at Rome is sometimes erroneously supposed to be among the largest, while in point of fact it is surpassed, so far as the number of volumes goes, by more than sixty European collections. It contains 105,000 printed books and 25,500 manuscripts. The National library at Paris is one of the very oldest in Europe, having been founded in 1550, while the British museum dates from 1753, or a trifle more than four hundred years later. In the United States the largest is the library of Congress, at Washington, which in 1874 contained 261,000 volumes. The Boston Public followed very closely after it with 260,500 volumes, and the Harvard university collection comes next, with 200,000. The Astor and Mercantile, of New York, are next, each having 148,000. Among the colleges, after Harvard's library comes Yale's, with 100,000. Dartmouth's is next with 50,000, and then came in order Cornell with 40,000; University of Virginia with 36,000; Bowdoin with 35,000; the University of South Carolina with 30,000; Ann Arbor, 30,000; Amherst, 29,000; Princeton, 28,000; Wesleyan, 25,500; and Columbia, 25,000.—New York Tribune.

Fire Worshipers Overthrown.

A curious story is current in the eastern portion of central Asia respecting the overthrow of the Guebre fire worship once predominant there by the Buddhist creed imported from China. Whether historically true or not, the tale is at least thoroughly characteristic of the people and the country which produced it. It was the custom of the Guebres to insist that whenever any attempt was made to introduce the worship of a foreign god, the new comer's image should be brought into direct contact with their sacred fire, and that the votaries of the conquered deity should at once quit the field. For many years the fire had the best of it, and the unfortunate gods who faced it either crumbled to ashes or melted away in a stream, according to the material of which they were composed. At length a colony of Chinese Buddhists came in from the East, and the usual test was applied to their sacred image. But the high priest of Buddha, thinking that the latter's divine power might be none the worse for a little secular aid, had previously filled the image with water, and stopped with wax the tiny holes which perforated its sides. Accordingly, the moment the wax melted, the hitherto invincible fire began to hiss and spatter in a very unpromising way, and finally went out altogether; whereupon its crest-fallen worshippers instantly abandoned the field to their opponents.

"Suppressing" a Marriage Notice.

The efforts of people to keep their names out of the newspapers are among the most interesting features of journalism, but they sometimes lead to amusing results. In a city within three hundred miles of Detroit, Mich., the Mail is one of the liveliest papers, and it hates to lose a good item. The daughter of one of that city's wealthiest citizens went out for a sleigh-ride with a young man whom her father had forbidden the house. They returned not. The excited parent found, on inquiring at the Union depot, that a similar pair had purchased tickets for Boston. Like Lord Ullien the old man "fast behind them rode" on the next train, but he reached Boston only in time to find himself the father-in-law of that forbidden young man. He returned home, resolved to have the account thereof suppressed in the city papers. The Mail promised to keep out the name, and in the body of the article said that for "obvious reasons the names are not given." The account ends with: "The young people were married in Boston, and their marriage notice is published in this paper." Of course everybody turns to the column head, "Marriages," and reads: "At Boston, by the Rev. Mr. etc., etc., etc. No cards," full names being given. This is one of the best instances of suppression on record.—New York Express.

Quiet Lives.

In a valley, centuries ago, Grew a little fern leaf, green and slender— Veining delicate and fibres tender; Waving when the winds crept down so low. Bunches tall, and moss and grass grew round it, Playful sunbeams darted in and found it; Drops of dew stole down by night and crown ed it; But no foot of man e'er came that way, Earth was young and keeping holiday. Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man, Searching nature's secrets far and deep; From a fissure in a rocky steep He withdrew a stone o'er which there ran Fairy pencilings, a quaint design, Leafage, veining, fibres clear and fine, And the fern's life lay in every line! So, I think, God hides some souls away, Sweetly to surprise us the last day!

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Beigning favorites—Umbrellas. Fallen leaves—A dropping book. A dealer in extracts—The dentist. Excellent wash for the face—Water. A bad thing to sharpen—The water's edge.

"Wanted"—A life-boat that will float on a sea of troubles. The top feels too big for his boots until he gets corns.

Violet was at one time the prevailing color for mourning. Givers were first worn by our hand-cestors in the tenth century.

What is the size of the needle that carried the threads of discolor? Insects have no lungs, but breathe through spiracular tubes in their sides.

The locks used in the new war office, in London, are of American manufacture. English life insurance companies charge an extra per cent. on old bachelors.

The power to do great things generally arises from the willingness to do small things. We are afraid the London Truth does not always tell it. It has five libel suits on its hands.

Why does the new moon remind one of a giddy girl? Because she is too young to show much reflection. Quiet is often strength; silence, wisdom. The swift stream is not always powerful, nor the noisy one deep.

A cynical old bachelor says: "Wedlock is like a bird cage; those without peck to get in, and those within peck to get out."

He put it down again without any one telling him to do so, and peevishly remarked that "a woman was a fool to set a red-hot flat-iron on a kitchen chair."

The ladies who bang their hair have encouragement from an unexpected quarter. Chief Joseph wears his coal-black hair banged on his forehead and braided behind.

Examination of 8,000 grammar school pupils at Boston shows that about five per cent. of the boys are color-blind, and only about one-half of one per cent. of the girls.

"There is nothing impossible," exclaimed a man who was discoursing on Edison's achievements. That man, to find out how egregiously he is mistaken, has only to attempt to cut his own hair.

"My dearest Maria," wrote a recently-married husband to his wife. She wrote back: "Dearest, let me correct either your grammar or your morals. You address me, 'My dearest Maria.' Am I to suppose you have other dear Marias?"

The song "Sweet By-and-Bye" was written by J. P. Webster, in Chicago, in 1868. The man who gave it the fame it has attained in this country was the late P. P. Bliss, who, with Rev. Mr. Whittle, introduced it in their famous gospel meetings.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A heavy man, while attempting to get into a carriage on Saturday, fell with the greatest display of emphaticness ever witnessed in these parts. He made such a depression in the earth when he struck that he is positive the flagstaff on the palace of the emperor of China gazed at least he did lie for about two minutes.—Norristown Herald.

"Will ye love me thus forever?" And she looked into his eyes. With a glance that seemed a token Of the fervor of her sighs. "I wouldn't guaranty it." With a smile responded Pat, "For I'm hardly as ye notion That I'll last as long as that!"

A dime, a nickel and a penny were found in the cap of a Montpelier (Vt.) rooster. The cat of a resident of East Berlin, Me., swallowed a \$5 gold piece; and the village butcher offered \$2.50 for her. While Mr. Jas. Ruby, of Bartons, Ind., was feeding his hogs, he dropped his pocketbook among them, and ere he was aware of his loss they had contracted the currency \$394.

The New York commissioners of emigration expect a large increase in the emigration to America this year as compared with previous years. Since 1872 the emigration has steadily decreased from year to year up to 1878. In 1878 the total number of alien passengers arriving at the port of New York was 121,369, an increase of 20,811 upon the number of 1877. This is counted by the commissioners as an important indication that the flow of emigration has begun to increase again, and they have many facts in their possession which make them believe that it will continue to increase.

The off years between the great world's fairs give an opportunity—usually taken promptly—for corners of the world a little out of the most traveled ways, to hold international exhibitions of their own. Such was the case with Chili three or four years ago, and such, next autumn, will again be the case with Australia, which is to hold an exhibition of all nations at Sidney. Free space, free motive power, and freedom from customs duties are guaranteed, and an acre of exhibiting area is set apart for America. One vessel has already gone from the United States, carrying goods for the exhibition. There are medals, money prizes and certificates of merit for the best exhibits.